

G. F. Halkett

"SEATS OF THE MIGHTY."

ACCORDING TO THE NEWSPAPERS, A LARGE NUMBER OF ARM-CHAIRS HAVE BEEN SENT TO THE CAPE FOR THE USE OF OFFICERS IN THE FIELD. THE ABOVE "SEATS OF WAR" ARE ALL "FRONT SEATS"; THEY ARE "STRICTLY RESERVED"; AND ARE NOT TO BE SAT UPON BY THE ENEMY.

WAITING TO BE TAXED.

SPEECHES of third-rate orators in the House of Commons.

Indifferent Amateur Performances in aid of objects vaguely philanthropic.

Various advertisements of fussy nobodies impudently pushing to the front.

Street nuisances of every description, from the bicycle scorcher to the female, with her large bonnet and her (more than) little tambourine.



THE Illustrated Papers oft with satisfaction grunt, When they print a pleasing portrait of "Our Artist at the Front." [lack, Now here we have a picture of a sort we seem to Which is to say, a portrait of "Our Artist at the Back."

"IN A GOOD CAUSE."

"WHAT a nice new lot o' friends we're getting!" as the country policeman says (or "words to that effect") in Dandy Dick.



And what a nice sum our friends, both old and new, have already subscribed to Mr. Punch's Fund for the "HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN, IN GREAT ORMOND STREET." The total received, up to Friday last, was £5,839, and in addition to this, a "Donation Fund for Investment," £1,800. Bravo! Still Mr. Punch adopts, for the nonce, the horse-leech's cry of "Give! Give! Give!" and he will not be satisfied till the future of the Hospital is guaranteed beyond the possibility of doubt. Donations, small and large, to be sent as before to

Messrs. BRADBURY, AGNEW & Co.,
10, Bouverie St., Fleet St., E.C.

by whom they will be most thankfully received and gratefully acknowledged.

LABOURS FOR LENT.

Lord S-l-ab-ry.—To imitate the patriotism of the Colonial Premiers.

Mr. Arth-r Balf-r.—To give up excuses at public meetings, and to attend to his duties "in another place."

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n.—To imitate Brer Rabbit—to lay low and say (next to) nothing.

Lord L-nad-wne.—To put things straight at the War Office.

Mr. W-ndh-m.—To keep his chief up to the mark and make a mark himself.

**THE SPIDERS AND THE HORNET.**

A New Game, much played in South Africa.



H'M!

Stern Father. "WHAT AN UNEARTHLY HOUR THAT YOUNG FELLOW STOPS TILL EVERY NIGHT, DORIS. WHAT DOES YOUR MOTHER SAY ABOUT IT?"

Daughter. "SHE SAYS MEN HAVEN'T ALTERED A BIT, PA."

LETTERS TO THE CELEBRATED.

(By Mr. Punch's Vagrant.)

TO SIR EDWARD CLARKE, Q.C.

SIR,—We have been passing, we are still, indeed, passing, through a crisis, and grievous as may be the disappointments, the losses and the temporary failures entailed upon a people by such a passage, it has at any rate one element of profit. Before the end is reached many a loudly-vaunted pretender will have been shown forth in his true colours; while here and there a man of true metal will have emerged, sound, serviceable, and genuine from all the trials imposed upon him.

How many and how strange are the chances and changes of political life! How often does some trivial, unnoted incident serve to dash the cup from expectant lips. Statesmen, generals, lawyers, leaders of thought and leaders of revolt, bright stars of literature and humble journalists—what shadows we are, what shadows we pursue. There was an EDWARD CLARKE, one of the mainstays of the Conservative Party, their trusted counsellor, their brilliant, impassioned advocate, the favourite of his constituency, to whom no avenue of honourable ambition seemed to be closed. Where is he now? In his place we see a man still brilliant and impassioned, still unstained in honour and in loyalty to high ideals. He is the self-same man, no more, certainly no less, but his party casts him out, and his constituents roughly break the bonds that have bound him to them for twenty years' or more. Neither his services nor his merits availed him. His voice had been honestly uttered, but in defence of unpopular principles; his conscience was not impeached, but his opinion was said to have gone astray. His judgment had favoured peace, and peace having been broken he had still spoken in favour of conciliation.

In all this there is nothing, Sir, of which you have reason to feel ashamed. On the contrary, it must be admitted that throughout the crisis you, at any rate, have played your part like a man. Stale and stupid taunts are often levelled against those who

follow the profession of the law. In pompous leading articles, as at provincial penny readings, they are still held up to ridicule as men who, if they do not exactly "take their oath with equal ease on either side or both," yet profess opinions not because they honestly hold them, but because they are paid to profess them. But the lives of great barristers, their fiery zeal, their whole-hearted devotion to duty for duty's sake, their noble energy, often so ill-requited, their laborious industry in striving not for themselves—for fame is not always before them to lure them on, nor can the hope of mere gain explain their activity—but for others; their proud and upright spirit of fair dealing and honest speech; their high and sustained eloquence—all these qualities, and, in short, the whole tenor of their public lives stamp them as men to whom honour and truth are as the breath of their nostrils. Amongst this great company your place has been for many years assured. Not through the adventitious aid of rank or fortune, but by the force of your own strong intellect and your untiring work have you made your way. The poor boy who consecrated to learning the scanty hours of his leisure, who by the dim light of a hoarded candle picked up scraps of knowledge when the work of the day was over, can have had but little thought of the rewards that were to be his after many years, the great position honestly earned, the high reputation constantly sustained, and the esteem of his fellow countrymen. And it must surprise you, knowing what you are and how you stand, to look back at times and remember how small your chances seemed and how depressing was your lot.

Well, Sir, you have held one of the highest positions that law and politics combined can offer to the practising barrister. Your voice has been heard in great debates in the House of Commons; your eloquence and power of lucid exposition have enabled you to hold your own unashamed against the greatest parliamentarians. And now, after all these years of strenuous and distinguished political activity, you quit for a time the busy scene of your triumphs and your ambitions. You, at any rate, refuse to keep your seat in the House at the price of compromising with your conscience. Holding certain strong convictions, which happen to be disliked by the mass of your party, you express them fearlessly, and submit without unmanly complaint to the penalty those opinions entail.

It is a high example, especially valuable in these days when some statesmen glory in creating and stimulating a spurious ferocity of public opinion in order that they themselves may afterwards be swept away by it; when they hold no creed of their own absolutely, but divide their professions of faith into mutually destructive halves for the purpose of standing well both with their own conscience and the loud exponents of popular passion. From these you have severed yourself to your own credit and that of public life in England.

For you, the loss of the opportunities for speech and action that are afforded by a seat in the House of Commons is no small one. But you have, at any rate, the compensation of knowing that all who hold by freedom of opinion, independence of judgment, and unswerving rectitude of conduct are your friends and admirers.

I am, Sir, with profound respect,

Your faithful servant,

THE VAGRANT.

THE ESCAPED ELEPHANTS.—It is no wonder that at the Crystal Palace, Monday week last, the orchestra executed a *tremolissimo agitatissimo stampedo* on the appearance of the elephant loose in the auditorium, taking up a lot of seats (which he could neither occupy nor pay for) with his trunk. Pity the musicians could not have combined to play on the elephantine feelings since "music hath charms to soothe the savage beast" (or breast), and a modern Orpheus with his lute (or flute) might have caused the elephant, like the oft-quoted bear, "to dance to the genteelst of tunes," and so to have been easily captured.



A REASONABLE REQUEST.

Mild Sportsman (who has been jumped on). "DO YOU MIND ASKING YOUR HORSE TO TAKE HIS FOOT OUT OF MY POCKET?"

THE GAITY OF LONDON.

If a genuinely crowded house, repeated hearty applause, and frequent "great laughter," be indications of triumphant success, then undeniably *The Messenger Boy*, at the Gaiety, has achieved it. It is a musical play, put together by a company of six collaborateurs, i.e., by two librettists, Messrs. TANNER and MURRAY; two lyricists, Messrs. ROSS and GREENBANK; and two composers, Messrs. CARYLL and MONCKTON, who, with the talented actresses, actors, and vocalists, have all marched to victory, in one "United Service" corps, under the command of Field-Marshal GEORGE EDWARDES, K.G.C., i.e., Kommander-in-chief of the Gaiety Company. That Mr. LONNEN, of "Killaloo" and "Bogey-Man" renown, does all that can be done with *Cosmos Bey*, and that that isn't much, and that Mr. HARRY NICHOLLS, G.C. (i.e., Genuine Comedian), is as excellent as the part of *Hooker Pasha* permits him to be, is to their great credit, though it doesn't say much for acute perception on the part of the eminent librettists and lyricists. Mr. NAINBY, most funnily made up, does nothing to justify the admiration his appearance, at first, excites; this is less his fault than his misfortune; while the insistence on the Fashoda affair would be more honoured in the breach than the observance. The authors, by now, should have substituted some other "business" for that of planting the flags. Mr. WILLIE WARDE is inimitably travestied as *Professor Phunchwitz*, and contributes largely to the success of the concerted dancing, in which he, besides having arranged all the terpsichorean efforts of the company, takes his fair share. The "honours easy" are borne by Mr. FRED WRIGHT, junior, as the aggressive Captain

Pott; by Miss ROSIE BOOTE as *Isabel Blyth*, with the song and chorus of "Daisy"; and by Miss VIOLET LLOYD as *Nora*. It is Miss KATIE SEYMOUR who shares "the cake" which is undoubtedly taken, and a big one too, by Mr. EDMUND PAYNE, who, no matter what he does in acting, singing, or dancing, is irresistibly funny. His face sets the house in a roar; he has only to appear in one costume after another to start irresistible laughter, the climax being reached when he appears as a male mummy and has a duet and dance with Miss KATIE SEYMOUR representing the female mummy. The costumes are artistically magnificent, the scenery bright, the dialogue, without any apparent attempt at brilliancy, helps on the action of the plot,—for there is a plot,—and the music is pleasing, though, with the exception of the "Daisy" song and one of the sextettes, not of the class of composition that "comes to stay." The tout ensemble constitutes another "Gaiety success."

SHAKSPINERO.—It is not true that Mr. BENSON has taken an entirely new view of the physical characteristics of King RICHARD the Third, and is henceforth going to represent him on the stage as "Dandy Dick."

EVIDENT.—As to Militia, it is said that we are "30,000 short." Well, what's the advantage of having them "30,000 tall?" On the contrary, if short men and deadly shots, they'll be safe "snipers."

WAR NEWS.—"Reports of Conflicts," i.e., "Conflicting Reports."



"WHAT ON EARTH IS ALL THIS DREAFFENING NOISE?"

"IT'S ALL RIGHT, DEAR. I'VE GIVEN IT TO THEM TO KEEP THEM QUIET!"

A DESPATCH À LA MUNCHAUSEN.

(Via Pretoria and Delagoa Bay.)

THE cavalry dashed into us, and we drove them back. They poured lead upon us from their carbines, and their swords flashed right and left. They rode us down with their horses, but we drove them back.

Then came the infantry. They charged with their bayonets. They were through our ranks a score of times, but to no purpose. We drove them back.

Then for twelve hours the artillery kept up a pitiless, unceasing fire. We had

shells of every description fall in our ranks, and bursting in every direction. It was a terrible time, but we held our own. After this fearful fusillade they retired in great confusion. Their losses must have been enormous. But we drove them back. And what were our casualties? The list is soon given. A bugler lost the tip of his trumpet, and a donkey was slightly wounded in the hoof.

QUERY BY OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE ONE.

—Is Prince HENRI of Orleans so partial to the Bo(a)rs because he was born at Ham?

AN ACADEMIC PRAYER.

["Oxford is considering the creation of new degrees—those of Doctor of Letters and Doctor of Science. One proposal was that professors and heads of colleges should be exempt from the stipulated exercises, as it would be awkward if they failed . . . The Board of *Literæ Humaniores* has petitioned to be relieved of the obligation of examining, but without success."—*Daily Paper*.]

Heads of Colleges sing:

WITH trembling hearts, to you who sit
Mid academic glories,
We supplicants come, O Board of *Lit-
eræ Humaniores!*

Ah! hear our prayers,
And pity our grey hairs
And furrowed cheeks, where wrinkled
care doth dwell!
How can Age find
A heart to grind?
For things will slip from an old man's
mind
That youth remembers well.

Long years ago,
Ere Time made white our brows with
snow,
When ye were bantling babes with downy
pates,
We haply knew
As much as you,
Aye, haply thought ourselves young
gods
As we disported through the quads
Triumphant from our firsts in "*Meds*"
Or "*Greats*."

Nay, plough us not! 'Twere mad!
How could we face
Mid such disgrace
The chaff-ful undergrad?
How could we scold the saucy elves
For being plucked, when plucked our-
selves?

Ab, Sirs, be kind
And bear this thought in mind:
Some day, when you've forgot what know-
ledge is,
You also may be heads of colleges,
And crave of others what we crave of
you—
Then oh! be merciful, and let us through!

THREE LITTLE PATRIOTS.

["The Committee appointed by the Government to enquire into the administration of the Patriotic Fund contains the names of three of the Patriotic Fund Commissioners."—*Daily Paper*.]

THREE little patriots are we;
They have selected us to see
What we have done with the £ s. d.—
Three little patriots!

We'll sit on ourselves, 'twill be such fun!
Judge and criminal all in one!
Won't we discover the deeds we've done?

Three little patriots!
Three little heroes, whose vocation
Is to defend their reputation
From an unworthy accusation—
Three little patriots!



THE TWO RAVENS.

"THERE WERE TWO RAVENS SAT ON A TREE,
DOWN A DOWN A ROSE-BERRY DOWN,
"THEY WERE AS 'DOWN' AS DOWN COULD BE,
DERRY DOWN, SAL'S-BURY DOWN."
[Lord Salisbury's speech in the Lords was, if anything, rather more pessimistic than Lord Rosebery's.] —Daily Paper.]

Linley Sambourne, Junr. & Co. Sculp.



PROVERBS (PISCATORIALLY PUT).

"IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND,"—SO DO NOT BE DISMAYED EVEN THOUGH YOU GET FAST TO THE BOTTOM (AFTER LUNCH), AND SEND EVERYTHING TO POT (YOURSELF INCLUDED) BY A TOO FRANTIC ENDEAVOUR TO STRIKE YOUR HOOKS INTO WHAT YOU TAKE TO BE THE BIG ONE!

MANUEL DE LA CONVERSATION.

EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE.

The Hotel.

You tell that you not have but two rooms frees, of whom one to the first who give on the street. To what price?

Fifty francs! Name of one pipe! And the other?

Eh well, show to me the room to the fifth to ten francs.

What ascender! One not arrive ever.

It is here? One mansard who give on the court. Nothing of more sad!

You not have but that? Al!

This room is humid. He do cold here. Do to do of the fire. I shiver.

I detest these crusadesses. I prefer the windows to beheader to the female English. One can them to open one all small little.

What hotness under the roof! I stuff. Tell to the woman of

L'Hôtel.

Vous dites que vous n'avez que deux chambres libres, dont une au premier qui donne sur la rue. A quel prix?

Cinquante francs! Nom d'une pipe! Et l'autre?

Eh bien, montrez-moi la chambre au cinquième à dix francs.

Quel ascenseur! On n'arrive jamais.

C'est ici? Une mansarde qui donne sur la cour. Rien de plus triste!

Vous n'avez que ça? Tout est complet?

Cette chambre est humide. Il fait froid ici. Faites faire du feu. Je grelotte.

Je déteste ces croisées. Je préfère les fenêtres à guillotine à l'anglaise. On peut les ouvrir un tout petit peu.

Quelle chaleur sous le toit! J'étouffe. Dites à la femme de

room of to leave the window all great opened.

Bring to me one bath of seat, of the cold water, and of the napkins.

The Rising.

Bring to me one bath of seat, of the cold water, of the ice, and of the linen.

This bath of seat is too much little. There hast-he one school of natation all to near?

No? Then do to prepare one great bath all cold.

Who is therefore this lady in the passage? I not can her to pass in going to the bath.

She seek the good woman, to this that he appear. She is in robe of room.

Oh shocking! The manners of the female French are abominables. What country!

She is young however. Not ill. One cut enough elegant.

She regard of the other side to present. It is damage. What delicious little back-neck!

Ah, she me regard! My faith, that she is ravishing! Of the superb eyes. And one little smile! Oh!

Eh well, boy, that is this that you attend there?

You believed that I not dared to pass this lady?

Ah, cretin, imbecile, idiot! Wish you you of him to go? I go to take my bath.

chambre de laisser la fenêtre toute grande ouverte.

Apportez-moi un bain de siège, de l'eau froide, et des serviettes.

Le Lever.

Apportez-moi un bain de siège, de l'eau froide, de la glace, et du linge.

Ce bain de siège est trop petit. Y a-t-il une école de natation tout auprès?

Non? Alors faites préparer un grand bain tout froid.

Qui est donc cette dame dans le couloir? Je ne peux pas la passer en allant au bain.

Elle cherche la bonne, à ce qu'il paraît. Elle est en robe de chambre.

Oh shocking! Les mœurs des Françaises sont abominables. Quel pays!

Elle est jeune cependant. Pas mal. Une taille assez élégante.

Elle regarde de l'autre côté à présent. C'est dommage. Quelle délicieuse petite nuque!

Ah, elle me regarde! Ma foi, qu'elle est ravissante! Des yeux superbes. Et un petit sourire! Oh!

Eh bien, garçon, qu'est-ce que vous attendez là?

Vous croyiez que je n'osais pas passer cette dame?

Ah, crétin, imbecile, idiot! Voulez-vous vous en aller? Je vais prendre mon bain.

H. D. B.

A SCHOOL BILL OF THE FUTURE.

(Computed after Consideration of a recent Verdict.)

[The "high spirited" and "imaginative" boy . . . suggests an indefinite and alarming addition to the possibilities already vague and large enough of the school bills of "our boys."—*Times*, February 22, 1900.]

WITH DR. BIRCH'S compliments to PATERFAMILIAS, Esq.

To damages caused by smashing a greenhouse	...	£35 10 0
" " destroying a wardrobe	...	15 10 10
" " de-stringing a grand piano	...	70 10 0
" " cutting oil paintings	...	128 4 10
" " ruining a carriage	...	96 10 0
" " "making hay" of drawing-room furniture	...	120 0 0
" " blowing-up the house...	...	560 0 0
" " mental anxiety consequent upon the above	...	1,000 0 0
		£2,038 5 8
Tuition fee (inclusive of stationery)	...	11 14 4
Total	...	£2,050 0 0

THE BARD ON THE SPOT.—Shakspeare on the originator of certain big coloured pictorial placards which appear on all the hoardings. "Yet doth he give us bold advertisement."—*Henry the Fourth* (First Part), Act IV., Scene 1.



First Village Politician. "WELL, ALL AS I DO KNOW IS THAT THAT 'ERE CHAMBERLAIN DON'T NEVER SPEAK BUT WOT 'E SES SOMETHING!"

THE MARTYRDOM OF STOCKWELL.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—There is a little Oasis in the desert of Clapham-Brixton. It is an unassuming Oasis, chiefly remarkable for a public house known to tram-conductors, for a College where school teachers are well trained, and little girls are well taught. There was no ambition about Stockwell, in so far as I know, except to be mistaken for Clapham or Brixton, or even Kennington, until the City and South London Electric Railway Company made this innocent suburb a Terminus station pending future extension. Then the butchers, the bakers, and the candlestick makers, and above all the Letters of Lodgings saw that the harvest had come, and, reckless of the feelings of the Ishmaels in the Oasis, connived at the Martyrdom of the spot, which bears the name of a famous racehorse. The Electric Railway Company, with the agility of the Electric Eel, has pushed its tail into every house in the vicinity. The bombardment of Ladysmith, I am absolutely certain, was nothing compared to the prodigious uproar, the rattling and shaking, the mysterious clicking, the dismemberment of doors and windows, which go on not only all day but all night.

I can conceive that a man or woman sentenced by some Occult Tribunal to pass away by lunacy would be conveyed to this unhappy spot. I can also imagine that the landlords, unless they

have been anointed with palm-oil, must be the most suicidal body of human beings whom Providence has ever endowed with property. I write to you, Mr. Punch, because you have a fine sympathy with suffering humanity and know that battling with the wide-a-wake Boers does not excuse the down-treading of the rest of patriotic citizens within two miles of Charing Cross. I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant, **DIOGENES TUBB.**
Barrel House, Stockwell, S.W.

SCENE AT ANY GOVERNMENT OFFICE. (From a very old comedy.)

ROUTINE discovered seated reading newspaper. To him enter **RED TAPE**.

Red Tape. Mornin', **ROUTINE**.

Routine. Mornin'.

R. T. Nothin' in papers, eh?

R. Nothin'—of any consequence.

R. T. Usual attacks on us.

R. That's all.

R. T. Yet we're still here.

R. And always shall be.

R. T. "What shall part us?"

R. "What shall tear us asunder?"

R. T. **ROUTINE!**

R. (rising). **RED TAPE!**

[They embrace. Then both sit. Pause.]

R. T. And now, what are you going to do?

R. Nothing.

R. T. Good. I'll assist.

[They set to work and do it. Scene closes.]

PERILS OF THE ROAD.

["No modern mechanism has assumed the extraordinary importance of the bicycle, either as a cause or as an instrument of crime."—Professor Lombroso in *The Pall Mall Magazine*.]

Do you ask me why I shun

Wonted worship of the tyre?

'Tis not dread of Summer's sun,

CHLOE, nor of Winter's mire;

Nor that I weigh fourteen stone—

And some few pounds higher.

Slimmer rivals at your side

Urge their unbecoming suits;

I, aloof with proper pride,

Clad in less ungainly boots,

Give them berth—a roadway wide—

When I hear their hoots.

For an article I read

That **LOMBROSO** wrote, revealing

How, in spite of what was said

To their better sense appealing,

Guileless youths to crime were led,

Step by step—through wheeling.

So from crime to live secure—

(Yet it need not disconcert you,

To the pure are all things pure,

Even biking could not hurt you)

CHLOE, I the bike abjure

Still to keep my virtue.

GUIDE TO THE CONTENTS-BILLS.—In waiting
—No news of any kind. On the move—Last
chance of the idealess sub-editor. Very
latest—Nothing further to-night.



ILL-TIMED ACCURACY.

Amiable Hostess. "WELL, NOW YOU ARE HERE, I HOPE YOU WILL STAY TO LUNCH WITH ME."

Gushing Visitor. "OH, THANK YOU SO MUCH, DEAR MRS. BROWNE, IF WE MAY. (To daughter.) THERE, VERA, WON'T THAT BE DELIGHTFUL! SUCH A PLEASANT SURPRISE FOR YOU!"

Severely Truthful Child. "NOT A SURPRISE, MOTHER. YOU KNOW YOU SAID MRS. BROWNE MUST ASK US TO LUNCH IF WE ONLY STOPPED LONG ENOUGH!"

A GENUINE "SUBSCRIPTION NIGHT" AT COVENT GARDEN OPERA HOUSE.

(Thursday, Feb. 22, at Covent Garden, in aid of the Officers' Wives and Families Fund.)

MAGNIFIQUE! et—c'est la guerre which has given occasion, sad occasion, for the raising of money wherewith to benefit "The Officers' Wives and Families Fund." A full house, of course, with their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of WALES present in the Royal Box, ever ready to take the lead in assisting any effort in so excellent a cause. The Grand Concert given on Thursday last must have realised eleven thousand pounds.

What greater attraction could there be to lovers of music, vocal and instrumental, than the names of ADELINA PATTI, Monsieur ALVAREZ (who was so excellent in *Carmen*), ever popular Mr. EDWARD LLOYD, and Monsieur JOHANNES WOLFF, "first violinist"?

WILHELM GANZ was the indefatigable conductor of an admirable orchestra. If you want a safe man who knows the ropes, or, musically speaking, "the chords," try WILHELM GANZ.

Pictorially, the Concert was materially assisted by a "Drop"—not a "Drop in the ocean" of gold and silver, as a four-penny bit would have been, but a fine dashing specimen of scene-painting by, as I gathered from the programme, Messrs. BRUCE SMITH and DIXON (more power to their elbows!), which formed the background, or "back-cloth," to all the soloists, PATTI, ALVAREZ, LLOYD, and Violinist WOLFF. This work of art represented all sorts and conditions of the British Army, in a

variety of fierce and jubilant attitudes, on either side of two central figures, of which one was Britannia with a flag, and the other an open-mouthed lion, quite a masterpiece of artistic genius. To me this lion was absolutely fascinating: no matter who sang, or who played, the lion sympathised. His tremendous jaws were wide open, but so craftily were his eyes painted (I think the effect must have been due to his eyes) that whether the music was plaintive, gay, serious, or triumphant, the lion was *dans le mouvement*. He was ready to snarl, to smile, to growl, aye and even to laugh—and if it be possible to "make a cat laugh," why not a lion?—and, in short, he was ready to do whatever the music suggested.

Petite PATTI (beg pardon, Baroness CEDERSTRÖM, and "don't you forget it"), plus *petite que jamais*, not one whit afraid of the lion, skipped to the front, a perfect blaze of diamonds. "Rich and rare were the gems she wore," but "no stones, however precious," observed Mr. WAGSTAFF, "could equal the value of her vocally precious (s)tones." Could that lion have got at WAGSTAFF he would have made short work of him.

And so, when "*Rule Britannia*" had been given, when the solos of "*God Save the Queen*" had been magnificently sung by Mme. PATTI and Mr. LLOYD, accompanied by the massed military bands under Lieutenant CHARLES GODFREY, gorgeous in uniform, and Mr. J. M. ROGAN, also splendid as a Coldstreamer, all that brilliant house and the Royalities standing, we retired in the full consciousness that this concert must have vastly benefited the fund it was designed to assist.

A TRUE BRITON.

P.S.—I have forgotten to mention the clever "Amateur Banjo, Mandoline and Guitar Orchestra of Ladies and Gentlemen," under the able and almost ballet-d'action-like conducting of Mr. A. D. CAMMEYER. Its effect was lost in so large an area, as the admirably executed tinkling and thrumming produced a result rather suggestive of a performance by one half of the well-known COOTE and TINNEY'S Band, that is, the "TINNEY" portion without the COOTE.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. ALFRED KINNEAR, a War Correspondent invalidated home from South Africa, has the good fortune to be first in the field with account of his experiences. To *Modder River with Methuen* (ARROWSMITH) is unpretentious in style, and only a shilling by way of cost. The absence of effort at making a big book adds to the value of this gleam of clear light on a critical and representative episode in the campaign. Mr. KINNEAR is generously anxious not to impute blame to individuals. This, my Baronite says, makes the more weighty his conclusion that had Lord METHUEN pushed on his advantage after the battle of Magersfontein, Kimberley would have been relieved within a week. That he decided to rest at Modder River whilst the Boers fortified the kopjes forming the Spytfontein group was due to blunders nearer home. What was wanted by METHUEN's little army was heavy artillery to smash the Boer defences, and howitzers to rake the sand-bag pits and entrenchments of the enemy. These were lacking, and the golden opportunity sped. Apart from grave disclosure of the causes of the earlier rebuffs, Mr. KINNEAR's pages are lightened with picturesque peeps of life in camp and on the march.

To their charming library of Bibelots Messrs. GAY AND BIRD have added a volume containing *The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius*. The fascination the work has for the English reader is testified by the fact that this is the 41st edition. None could be handier or presented in a more attractive form. My Baronite is struck with the profound wisdom that underlies the opening sentence of the fifth book. "In the morning when thou findest thyself unwilling to rise," wrote the Imperial philosopher, "consider with thyself presently it is to go about a man's work that I am stirred up." On cold, dark mornings nothing could be more agreeable than such a course of procedure.



HINTS TO BEGINNERS.

AT A COURSING MEETING, ALWAYS LEAD YOUR OWN GREYHOUNDS, THEN YOU KNOW WHERE THEY ARE, AND WHAT THEY ARE DOING.

Only it should be thorough, not less than half-an-hour being devoted to the line of reflection.

The *Liberal Magazine*, being Vol. 7, covering the year 1899, just issued from 42, Parliament Street, is described as a periodical for the use of Liberal speakers and canvassers. It is that and something more. Why toilers in the other camp should be deprived of the use of this invaluable work is not clear to the impartial mind of my Baronite. The volume is neither bulky nor costly. It is, nevertheless, so admirably compounded as to present a compendious record of the political year. The store-house is made easily accessible by an admirable index.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

RAIN!

(Viewed from a poky little Village with no resources.)

THE rain! the rain!
It may be a gain
For the ducks who are wallowing down in the lane.
To me it's a bane
That will rapidly render me wholly insane.
I'm growing inane,
My faculties wane,
Hopeless, I stand at the window and crane
My neck to discover blue sky—but in vain,
For the rollicking rain
Comes pittering, pattering pat on the pane,
And flooding the lane, while I stand and complain,
Goes eddying on till it meets with a drain.

Not a coster, a noble, a serf or athane
Could relish this rain!

I once was laid up for six weeks with a sprain,
And felt very bored, as if bound with a chain,
But it didn't depress me as much as this rain.

Oh, this is water indeed on the brain,
And nothing to balance the terrible strain!
Not a book or a paper. I cannot attain
To building magnificent "Castles in Spain."

Nor yet can I deign
Good humour to feign

When Aquarius seems to have turned on the main.

A murrain or blain
On the pestilent rain!

Alas! I am losing my temper—a stain
On my hitherto innocence. Feeling like CAIN
(As I fancy he felt when his brother was slain),
With nothing of charity, no, not a grain,
I'm silently waiting the advent of JANE
With the tea and the muffins, then—hey for the train!
Anything just to clear out of this rain.

A THEATRICAL NOTE.—Advice Gratis to Her Majesty's and Lyceum. If Mr. TREE and Mr. BENSON could combine forces, the public would see such a representation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* as would be hard to beat. It would be invidious to say more. If Mr. BEERDOHM TREE can call in at the Lyceum for a *matinée*, he being a wise man, although an actor-manager, will be of our opinion. *Verb. sap.*

THE MANTLE WHICH SHOULD BE DIVIDED BETWEEN LORD ROBERTS AND LORD KITCHENER.—The Cape of Good Hope.



Governess. "NOW, EVA, TELL ME HOW QUEEN MARIE ANTOINETTE DIED."

Eva. "SHE WAS GELATINED."

THE PATRIOT ABROAD.

(To Mr. Punch, from his Own Depreciator.)

ABOVE the tideless Midland sea
That licks this *côte d'azur*,
Beneath a palm I swallow the balm
Of airs serenely pure,
And find the world a pleasant place
And life a sinecure.

With royal pomp and masquerade
Carnival comes to town;
Through halcyon hours the war of flowers
Goes raging up and down;
And even solid matrons play
The undiluted clown.

And yet at times I long to turn
To yonder northern isle
From lands like these where prospects
please
And slim mosquitoes smile,
"And only man" (regarded as
A croupier) "is vile."

To say I pine for English skies
Would not be strictly true;
I read of snow and blizzards that blow
And noses coloured blue;

But there are points in which a plain
Advantage lies with you.

When "Liberal Forwards" recommend
That England's knee be bowed;
When croakers fear the hour is near
To put her in her shroud;
You can at least sit down and laugh
Together, long and loud.

But here, where malice walks at large
And friends are few enough,
We have to hide our mangled pride
Under a careless bluff,
As though they were no kin of ours
Who preach this sorry stuff.

At home your sense of humour lets
Such talkers talk at will;
Their moral weight you estimate
At practically nil;
But here the local reader thinks
We must be very ill.

Knowledge of English names is not
Your Frenchman's leading forte;
Just any blow of any foe
Aimed at our fair report

Serves for excuse to point the thumb,
And raise the ribald snort.

And so we Englishmen abroad,
To prove our souls are free,
We stiffen our necks and go in checks
Louder by one degree;
And the French we talk is as English as
The FRENCH of Kimberley. O. S.

SIMILIA SIMILIBUS.

Country Visitor (looking at a Map of the
Seat of War in a Fleet Street shop-window).
What be all them little flags sprinkled on
yon paper?

London Friend. Those mark the positions
held by ourselves and the enemy.

Country Visitor. Well now, I do declare
For all the world like a football match!

RINGING THE CHANGES.

Tompkins. I see they're forging British
florins at Pretoria.

Jobson. Very likely, but I'll be hanged
if they'll counterfeit British "Bobs."

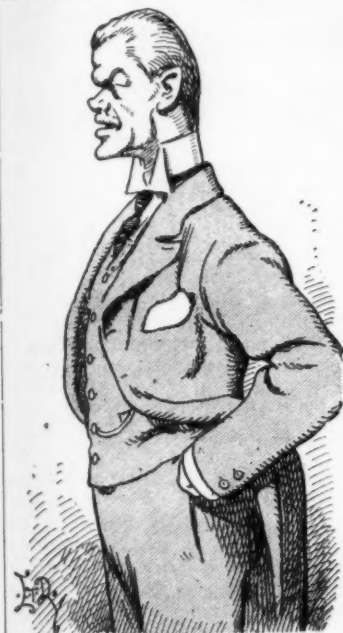


“BRAVO, BOBS!”



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.
House of Commons, Monday, February 19.
—"Mr. SPEAKER, Sir," said Mr. FLAVIN,
in reflective mood, "considering how



"TWO MONTHS HENCE."

(Mr. Michael Flavin.)

you've outnumbered these gallant Boers, the marvel to me is that they have not been wiped out two months hence."

The other day, mercilessly dissecting an impossible bill brought in by his countrymen opposite, the Irish Attorney-General said its conception was due entirely to national sense of humour. The process seems to have exhausted current supply. FLAVIN's flash in the pan only gleam of light on cruelly dull evening. As part of tactics of new leadership, the United Irishmen felt it necessary to occupy another full sitting by exaltation of the gentle Boer, and abuse of the British. The tambourine going round Ireland not doing very well. Response to the reiterated "Pay, Pay, Pay," woefully disappointing compared with what it used to be in PARNELL's time. Try the old expedient of another night's obstruction.

The hours pass; dullness deepens; benches nearly empty. The few Saxons present, instead of being roused to anger by open advocacy of the enemy in the field, and the bringing of foul aspersions upon all who, at home or abroad, are struggling to uphold the Empire, look on with pitying wonder whilst REDMOND cadet shouts three more speeches at intervals of two hours; whilst SWIFT MACNEILL, his mouth full of hot potato and warm protest, sinks lower in the estima-

tion of the House, long disposed to judge him genially; whilst TULLY, aimlessly meandering through reminiscences of the Jackdaw of Rheims, is thrice called to order by the Speaker.

If reiteration had not dulled a sharp sense of the ridiculous, it would be amusing to hear these chained and gagged patriots from Ireland, loudly talking treason in the most public place in the Empire, championing in the name of Freedom the most tyrannical oligarchy known to the latter half of the century.

"If," says SARK, "England had selfishly stood aside and left the Uitlanders under the heel of KRÜGER, I could understand Irish Nationalists saying exactly these things with just the variation of names necessary to their purpose. Of course, if England had taken that line, they would have done so with, perhaps, even greater zeal than they now espouse the cause of the oppressor. But to have GRATTAN's countrymen backing up the Government of Pretoria, cheering on the cruel oppressor of the Zulu, applauding the slave driver of the Kaffir—really, if I may say so, it beats Banagher."

Business done.—War vote for 13 millions carried.

Tuesday.—DON JOSÉ reminds me of the walrus—not Alice's acquaintance, but another, hymned by a French poet:

Cet animal est très méchant,
Quand on l'attaque il se défend.

To-night solemnly set apart from purposes of public business in order to trot out that rickety bugbear, complicity of Colonial Office with Transvaal Raiders. It was DON JOSÉ who insisted on having the thing out. DAVID THOMAS won at the ballot-box opportunity for accusatory motion. Then PRINCE ARTHUR pounced, taking all Tuesdays for financial business. DON JOSÉ put down his foot. One Tuesday must be reserved. The challenge publicly flaunted, let him take it up and once for all make end of business. So it was settled, and result justifies DON JOSÉ's bold fighting policy.

Far away best speech made in support of motion delivered by SAM EVANS. He, by rare exception among contributors to debate, had not been a member of the ill-starred Committee. CAWMELL-BANNERMAN and SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, reluctantly dragged into the stale fray, made a poor show. In dealing with the impossible Irish bill mentioned above, ATKINSON cited interesting illustration. Bill proposed to establish Court of Control over Irish Local Government Board, the controllers to sit every three months. Amongst cases constantly arising were applications to Local Government Board for permission to inter in disused burial grounds. Permission having in particular cases been obtained, the impossible bill established right of appeal to the new controlling Board which

might chance to meet two or even three months later.

"And what," cried the Attorney-General, with horror-stricken gaze round the House, "what's to become of the remains?"

South Africa Committee, its Inquiry, and its Report, were buried three years ago. If you ask the SQUIRE or C.-B. what's to become of the remains, they will hoarsely whisper, "Leave them where they are." But there are gentlemen be'ow and above the gangway who know much better how the fortunes of a Party in critical times may be brightened, and they go their way regardless of consequences. One of these was to give the object of their particular aversion a rousing victory, and to deal another whack on the head to a floundering Opposition.

In a circus or a penny show it is curious to see the tail wagging the dog. In ordinary affairs the original design of Providence is, on the whole, the best.

Business done.—Vote of confidence in DON JOSÉ, challenged by friends opposite, enthusiastically carried by 286 votes against 152.

Thursday.—When we once get to work in the Commons, we go ahead. True, a little shy in being led up to scratch. Disposed to turn aside in pursuit of chance hares. When we buckle to, nothing can stop us.



JASPERUS TULLI-US O'CICERO.

(Mr. Tully.)



A TOUGH KOPJE TO TACKLE.

They have tried him all round, and their latest attempt at outflanking only brought them under a withering fire, and their charges were easily repelled.

(Mr. L-b-ch-re, Mr. Sam Ev-ns, and Mr. David Th-m-s.)

To-night Civil Service Supplementary Estimates set down for Committee. They cover congeries of miscellaneous topics, any one good for an hour's talking. List run through like winking; money voted with both hands, and no questions asked. Halt in mad career cried by strange incident. Vote for Science and Art Department reached. Minister in charge nowhere to be found. Not much past nine o'clock. In ordinary circumstances this particular vote would not have been reached till eleven o'clock. Scouts sent out in all directions. Every kopje narrowly searched. No trace of missing Minister.

Happy thought struck HUGH CECIL. "Let's have a count," he said.

So bells clamoured through all the corridors. Dining-room, reading-room, library, all gave up their living. Members sauntering in in response to summons narrowly scanned. The Minister still tarried. Lord HUGH, looking more than ever like the dejected Mariana, murmured,

She only said "The night is dreary.

He cometh not," she said.

She said, "I am weary, weary.

Won't Arthur punch his head?"

That last line an emendation; but the prognostication reasonable. In untoward circumstances two votes that might have been slipped through passed over.

Business done.—Not quite so much as might have been.

Friday.—Some members, envious of privileges of foreign and Colonial legislators, from time to time claim concessions in the way of free railway travelling and free postage. These boons withheld by parsimonious Government. Glad to hear members are about to have supply of free tobacco.

HORACE PLUNKETT, who, whilst others talk of devotion to Ireland, quietly proves his by working for its material prosperity, has, through one of the branches of his Agricultural Organisation Society, succeeded in growing tobacco in County Meath. Modestly describes it to the House as "a fairly good sample of strong, coarse tobacco, containing an abnormal percentage of moisture and nicotine."

Sounds appetising to the smoker. In order that members may try the new weed, jars containing samples will be placed in smoke-room, free to all comers. It is suggested that the tobacco should be tried first on the Terrace. That merely English prejudice. The growth is highly recommended on the score of economy. An able-bodied man can get as much out of an ounce of Meath tobacco as he could draw from a pound of Virginia. Won't wash clothes, but for sheep washing its powerful nicotine makes it peerless. Promises to create revolution in furniture-removing trade. Half-an-ounce lit under heaviest four-post bedstead warranted to lift it off its legs and carry it straight out of the door. SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, always eager to encourage Irish industries, has ordered 5 lbs. Means to distribute it amongst more prominent members of the meeting that welcomed him at Northampton the other day.

Business done.—Irish members make it clear that they don't think much of OLIVER CROMWELL. Nevertheless, monument erected in precincts of Westminster approved by 220 votes against 53.

"GENTLEMEN GOING SOUTH."

First Specimen (wrong sort). Got my uniform and pleased to see it suited me. Visited *matinées* and became the observed of all observers. Led patriotic chorus. Generally in great form. Judging, from the delay of the authorities in finding me a transport, that my country had no immediate demand for my services, doffed my suit of khaki and stayed at home.

Second Specimen (right sort). Determined to fight for my country. Went from pillar to post in search of an opening. Authorities distinctly luke-warm. Would give me my uniform, but threw difficulties in my way to passing a medical examination. Surmounted those difficulties. Not easy to catch an instructor in musketry. Caught one at last and passed in my shooting. Again had to use great energy to pass in riding. Convinced the authorities that I would go to the front. Put on my khaki—at the last moment—and went.



II.

AFTER this, Mr. GREENE had very confused ideas of what was taking

place. Sometimes there was an odour of tobacco

in his bedroom—tobacco so strong that it made him squirm and involuntarily hide his head under the bedclothes; sometimes he was under the impression that the doctor murmured to him grave doubts as to whether he (Mr. GREENE) had any constitution at all, seeing that it could be disturbed by so trifling an event as a blow from the butt end of a gun. The doctor, however, was unaware of the privations which Mr. GREENE had undergone in the gay city of Montreal—privations as much mental and moral as physical; for the sight of other people enjoying themselves when one has no money is just as dispiriting as the physical pangs of hunger. When Mr. GREENE first began to mend, he was conscious of a sweeter influence than the doctor's. A soft step glided to his bedside, bright eyes looked compassionately into his own, a fragrant scent which, later on, he identified as Florida water, bedewed his brow. In the middle of the night, he awoke to find Beauty bending over him, with a suspicion of tears in her eyes. "What's the matter?" he asked, somewhat incoherently. "Where am I? How did I get here?"

The girl indignantly brushed away her tears. Then she smiled. "I wouldn't ask so many questions all at once if I were you," she said, with a softness quite different from Mr. GREENE's recollections of their first interview. "All you have to do now is to get well again. I couldn't even issue the paper with the usual apology, what with you and dad. He's still at the 'Calumet' with JACK MURRAY, and I'm nursing you in my spare time."

"I believe I should have died if it hadn't been for you," he said gratefully, trying to seize her hand.

The girl drew it back with a ripple of laughter. "See here, stranger, we haven't time to die in this country. If you would get well, it might make things a little easier for me, and give

me time to fetch the prodigal father back to his loving daughter. I'm quite thin, worrying about the pair of you."

Mr. GREENE was seized with remorse. "I'll make an effort," he said determinedly. "I'll get up to-morrow and set to work. You—you've given me something to live for!"

"Do you mean the bearskin?" asked the girl. "But, sssh! You mustn't talk. Go to sleep again. Go to sleep."

With a tremendous effort, Mr. GREENE raised her hand to his lips, and fell asleep.

When he woke up again, a long-nosed individual swayed uneasily about at the foot of the bed and regarded him with bleared eyes.

"Who are you?" somewhat testily asked Mr. GREENE.

"Don't be dishre—reshpekful," said the man at the foot of the bed. "I'm PARKER, I am. PARKER. Editor of that shupber paper *The Four Corners Gazette*."

"Well, what do you want?" ungraciously demanded Mr. GREENE.

Mr. PARKER pointed to the bearskin in the corner. "I want shivl answer to shivl question," he said, hazily. "I've bin—bin drinkin'. Met ole fren' MURRAY. Old fren' MURRAY bin drinkin'. What I wantsh know is—is that a bearskin in the corner or ishn't it?"

"I don't know," said Mr. GREENE, wearily.

"Then if you don' know, you've bin drinkin'," said Mr. PARKER, weaving his way with devious steps towards the door. "I will remonshtrate wi' you—I will, I shay, remonshtrate wi' you when you're shober."

"Oh, I'm sober enough," said Mr. GREENE, with a strange longing for companionship. "Can you,"—he paused delicately as if afraid to hurt Mr. PARKER's feelings—"Can you remember any of the pleasing incidents of your 'jag'?"

Mr. PARKER collected his thoughts for a grand descriptive effort. "A jagsh a wonnerful thing," he said dreamily—"a wonnerful thing. You don't know how you shtart, and you don't know much about the middle—I shay, about the middle—and you don't know how you wind up. The only thing—only thing—I can remember ish unfeeling conduct of ole fren' Judge EVANS. He don't know enough to—to be clbiverous when 'nother gentleman's—ob-oblivorous. I wash comin' down the sidewalk at the 'Calumet,' and he wash comin' tords me in

puffeekly dishgrashful state of intoxication—puffeekly dishgrashful. The sidewalk wasn't wide enough for two, yet he kept coming on till I wash forced to go on all fours. So was he. We both made for same store and stuck at the entrance. 'Lit'rature follosh the law,' saysh he, and crawled in leaving me outshide. Lit'rature follosh the—"

Here a strong hand was thrust into the room, and Mr. PARKER disappeared as if withdrawn by some irresistible force, still feebly muttering that literature followed the law. Then he reappeared, and insisted on affectionately shaking hands several times with GREENE, and expressed his willingness to embark on another "jag" to celebrate the new assistant's recovery.

A few days later, as soon as the pains of Eblis had abated in Mr. GREENE's stomach, he was again confronted by Mr. PARKER, who, although a prey to penitence and bad whiskey, felt exceedingly morose after his spree.

"Why, what was the matter with your—your momentary deviation from the paths of rectitude?" asked Mr. GREENE, with a sympathy he was far from feeling; for every man's stomach is a god unto himself and does not admit of undivided worship.

"It came to such an unexpected end," said Mr. PARKER, sadly. "I started off to meet JACK MURRAY and the spree at the same time, and then, first thing, JACK was down with the tremblings and running away from a two-headed duck and the spree over. That's what mixed me up when I saw the bearskin in your room. I thought it was MURRAY's two-headed duck turned up again in a different shape, just on purpose to worry me. There's an unexpectedness about the ending of sprees which robs them of their chief joy; for directly you get on friendly terms with one and learn to love it for itself, the darned thing comes to an end and all your affection's wasted."

"Talk not of wasted affection. Affection never was wasted," spouted Mr. GREENE.

"I'll trouble you not to tell me what I'm to talk about," said Mr. PARKER, with dignity. "Tain't respectful. Get on with your work."

"What am I to do?"

"Fill up the paper," said Mr. PARKER, waving his hand towards an exceedingly grimy "devil."

"Where is it?"

"In there;" and Mr. PARKER pointed towards a shed which opened out of the dining-room.

The shed contained a few cases of type and a dilapidated old machine, which looked like a dismantled fire-engine, but had begun life as a hand-press. In one corner was a keg of ink, in another a very sticky roller, and in a third a printed placard containing the words "God bless our home."

"It ain't much to bless," said Mr. PARKER, motioning to Mr. GREENE to get to work, "and it seems rather like giving oneself airs to stick it up there; but my idea (he jerked his thumb heavenwards) is to begin by asking for small favours; then I can work up. *The Four Corners Gazette* is a political power, a power which—My! but I'm thirsty!" he added, breaking off suddenly and sitting down by mistake on the ink keg.

Mr. GREENE delicately pointed out his error, and Mr. PARKER wiped off the surplus ink from the hinder part of his person with the roller. "Tain't wasted; it'll come in just as handy," he said, with repressed sadness, "and clear off the dead flies."

This was not encouraging. "What am I to begin with?" asked GREENE.

"Oh, fill up somehow. Let's go out and do the same."

Miss PARKER opened the door. In one hand she carried a jug; in the other a "stick" of type. "Monday morning, dad," she said, presenting the jug to her thirsty sire.

Mr. PARKER drank a deep draught. When he put down the jug, his eye was bright, he seemed twenty years younger, and turned up his shirt-sleeves as he rushed at the cases of

type. "Now, Mister," he said to GREENE, "reckon we've wasted time enough over that spree;" and he began to distribute type for an unwritten leader, tossing the letters about with the skill of an Indian juggler.

"What am I to do?" again asked GREENE, turning his blue eyes entreatingly towards Miss PARKER.

"Sling in something about the new barn of our gifted fellow-townsmen, ELI PERKINS," said Mr. PARKER.

"But I haven't seen it."

"All the more reason that you should say something about it first," said Miss PARKER; "otherwise, your conscience might reproach you afterwards."

"Cow broke her hind leg last night," ejaculated Mr. PARKER, still continuing his leader. "Same one as horned old Deacon PRATT last Spring, so he'll be glad to hear of it. That's good for a column."

GREENE dispatched the cow with lingering pathos; she took the whole of a barn and a column of the newspaper in which to die. "Anything else?"

"Holes in the sidewalks. There are always holes in our morals and sidewalks," said Miss PARKER.

"Let the morals alone, but go for the sidewalks. Our morals are our own; sidewalks belong to the Corporation," said Mr. PARKER, his mouth full of type. "We don't want any rows just as we've got that new keg of ink. They're sure to pour it over us if there's a fuss."

GREENE alluded in classical English to the state of the sidewalks. Towards evening he stopped for a moment. "I want another half column."

"Touch upon the evils of intemperance," said Mr. PARKER, pausing in his busy career. "My! but I'm real thirsty!" he added, turning the jug upside down.

"There's some water," said GREENE, handing him a pitcher.

Mr. PARKER looked at it disdainfully. "Water, water, everywhere, but not a drop to drink," he said, and turned away.

Outside, the ground was white with snow. GREENE worked steadily side by side with Miss PARKER, who had come in to help fill up the "locals."

"Did I—did I really kill that bear?" he asked, as he finished work for the night.

The girl turned towards him with laughing eyes. "Wasn't there a dead bear?"

"Ye-es."

"Well, then, what more do you want to know?"

"But how about its tail?"

"That reminds me," said Mr. PARKER, putting on his coat; "whiles you're getting supper ready, ELVINA, I'll look round for the dog. Haven't seen him for a week. Reckon he's been off on a jamboree."

GREENE flushed. "Was there a dog after all, Miss PARKER?" She looked at him mischievously. "Was that a dog's skin in your room?"

"N-no."

"Was it freshly taken off its wearer?"

"Ye-es."

"Are all you Britishers so hard to satisfy?"

"But it hadn't a bear's tail; it was a dog's tail."

"Oh," said the unblushing Miss PARKER, "a bear's tail always spreads out in the death agony."

("That blamed dog's nowhere about." Mr. PARKER put in a grizzled head, and the snow, blowing in with him, brought a breath of wholesome freshness to the heated air. "It's the most extraordinary thing, but I've been to every tavern in the town, knowing that dog's fondness for liquor, and I can't find him. Ordinarily he's one of those dogs who won't leave town while there's any liquor in it; but they're so unsympathetic down at MILLETT's that I expect he's getting discouraged. However, there's a place on the Hawkesville Road I haven't tried yet. Maybe, I'll find him there;" and Mr. PARKER once more wandered forth on his congenial quest.)

"And does it shrink up again afterwards?"

"Of course."

"I don't understand."

"Of course you don't. You don't even understand me."

"But you are a woman—a dream—"

"And the other a bear reality." She fled.

GREENE continued his work until he heard some one lurch against the door. He opened it, and Mr. PARKER fell into his arms. "Would you mind telling me, young man," Mr. PARKER enquired, with thickened utterance, "if—if an intellectual man name of PARKER lives here?"

"Yes," said GREENE, gently assisting his chief into the room. "You live here right enough."

"Then my name's PARKER?" queried Mr. PARKER, anxiously. "I wasn't quite sure, but your face is familiar to me. Who are you?"

Then GREENE, who liked Mr. PARKER, in spite of that worthy's fondness for "lightning rod" whiskey, elaborately explained his own identity, and, to keep Mr. PARKER awake, narrated the conversation which he had just had with Miss PARKER.

"Her powers of repartee," said Mr. PARKER, drowsily, taking off his boots, "have been much admired. Do I understand, young man, that ELVINA said it was a bear?"

"Yes, but—"

"Then I shall take it as a personal insult," said Mr. PARKER, feeling for his hip pocket, "if you say it wasn't. What does an Englishman know about Canadian bears? Shall a representative of the Press be twittered—no, I mean twitted—by a beardless boy?"

"Certainly not," said GREENE, promptly.

"Of course it was a bear," laughed Miss PARKER, bringing in a plate of savoury steaks. "Are these dog's steaks?"

She held the dish under his nose.

Mr. PARKER produced an antique revolver from his pocket. "Whether it's dog or whether it's bear, you'll just wade in at it," he said, severely, "same as if it was bear; otherwise, it won't matter to you which it is. Oh, my young friend"—he approached GREENE with alcoholic fervour—"you don't know bear from dog. You must have been looking upon the wine cup when it was—I forget what colour it was, but you must have looked, anyway."

GREENE began to wish that he had never come to Four Corners, but a glance at ELVINA's mirthful face reassured him. She took her place at the head of the table, and handed Mr. PARKER the pickles with the air of one who knows the best remedy for chronic alcoholism. When Mr. PARKER saw the pickles, he brightened up. "Stonishing thing," he said, meditatively impaling an infant cucumber on his fork and swallowing it at a gulp—"Most 'stonishing thing the same. Power that created whiskey made pickles for an antidote. Most 'stonishing when one comes to think of it."

Overwhelmed by the solemnity of the subject, Mr. PARKER wept bitter tears into the pickle jar.

"Don't do that, dad," said ELVINA, hastily rescuing the jar, "you're spoiling the pickles."

Mr. PARKER surveyed her mournfully. "No sympathy," he said. "You were always unsympathetic, ELVINA. What are pickles compared to the joy of ministering to a parent's comfort!"

"I don't know," said ELVINA, severely, "and I don't want to know; but you'd better get on with your supper, dad. I can tell you where the dog is, when he's wanted. Put your revolver away and edit your supper or I'll edit you."

Seeing that the revolver was unloaded, GREENE took the plate, and sat down opposite Mr. PARKER, whose brief visit in search of the dog had been productive of such disastrous results.

"For what this young man has narrowly escaped receiving," said Mr. PARKER, with the air of a deacon, "teach him, O Lord, to have wisdom enough to be truly thankful."

III.

WHEN the curiosity of Four Cornerites concerning Mr. GREENE had died a natural death, people interested themselves no more about him, feeling confident that ELVINA, who managed everybody, would not find the slightest difficulty in making him "walk Spanish," a phrase which was understood to mean that he had to mind his "p's" and "q's." Mr. GREENE troubled himself very little about the opinion of other people, provided ELVINA regarded him favourably. Her eyes could, as Mr. JACK MURRAY, Junior, forcibly expressed it, "scorch a hole in a punkin pie"; but, as GREENE was not a "punkin pie," this astonishing fact did not influence him as strenuously as it did Mr. MURRAY, Junior, who was understood to have evinced connubial yearnings with regard to ELVINA—yearnings which he had confided to Mr. PARKER. Mr. PARKER, however, with a sudden accession of wisdom, declined to interfere in so delicate a matter, and left Mr. MURRAY, Junior, alone, with an unfriendly indifference which filled his would-be son-in-law with intense wrath. Consequently, Mr. MURRAY, Junior, was reduced to his own devices, which consisted mainly in adorning himself in gorgeous apparel and riding furiously over every one who came in his way if Miss PARKER were likely to see the skill with which he managed his black horse. He even ventured to career at break-neck speed towards Miss PARKER herself; but was rather discouraged when that somewhat masculine young lady told him to "come down from his perch," and not spoil the mouth of a horse so much handsomer than its master. Then, she joined Mr. GREENE, who was waiting for her, and left Mr. MURRAY, Junior, planted in the road.

As time went on, it was easy to see that Mr. GREENE had made an impression on Miss PARKER, for she not only declined to encourage the addresses of Mr. JACK MURRAY, Junior, but pointedly gave him to understand that they were utterly superfluous. Mr. MURRAY, Junior, consequently fell a prey to filial devotion. Most of his time being occupied in seeing his bibulous parent safely home, he had few opportunities of paying court to the somewhat haughty lady of his love. When he did call at the office of the *Four Corners Gazette* he was greatly hurt by Miss PARKER's chilly reception, and set himself to look for the reason of this Arctic severity on her part. The reason speedily assumed the somewhat spindly shape of Mr. GREENE. Up to this point, Mr. MURRAY, Junior, had regarded the latter as an insect unworthy of the attention of a free-born Canadian; but insects, when they become noxious, must be crushed. "Goldarn my optics, Dook," said the indignant Mr. MURRAY to his rival, "you Britishers seem to think as you own the earth. If you don't git out of here, stock, lock, and bar'l in twenty-four hours, why, I'll blow the top of your head off, and don't you forget it."

"I am not accustomed to be addressed in the language of melodramatic romance," said Mr. GREENE, surveying his visitor with official indifference. "You appear to be annoyed at something. If you have anything to say, don't bawl it out over the housetops, but come inside and let me hear what it is."

"I'm not going to be told by a skinny-legged Britisher how I'm to talk to him," said Mr. MURRAY, Junior, with repressed fury. "Most people I talk to don't git over it in a hurry."

"That is extremely probable," said Mr. GREENE with engaging affability. "The mere sound of your voice is as unpleasing as that of a buzz saw. You haven't shaved for a week, and your clothes look as if they had been slept in. I don't as a rule"—he looked round for a missing letter—"criticise the appearance of visitors; but Miss PARKER is rather particular, and she says that the mere sight of you is enough to make MILLETTE's goat faint."

"Oh, she does, does she?" enquired the infuriated Mr. MURRAY, Junior.

"She does," said Mr. GREENE with an air of finality.

"And what do you say? If you've the pluck of a chipmunk,

come outside and say it." Mr. MURRAY, Junior's, face rapidly became the hue of an Ottawa sunset, and he fingered his revolver pocket with ominous fury.

Mr. GREENE placidly continued to set type. A lack of familiarity with bears had unstrung his nerves; Miss PARKER had re-strung them; and he knew not fear.

"Call yourself a Dook," said the indignant Mr. MURRAY. "Why, I'd make a better Dook'n you out of sawdust."

Mr. GREENE ceased to set type and regarded his enemy with cold severity. "Am I to understand that you—eh—threaten me with personal violence if I fail to relinquish my aspirations to Miss PARKER's hand?"

Mr. MURRAY, although visibly impressed by this ornate language, declined to back down. "The largest size of personal violence," he said, briefly. "You've hit it, Dook; and if you don't clear out, it'll hit you."

Mr. GREENE came out, and stood on the old box-sleigh, turned upside down, which did duty for steps to the PARKER mansion. "Of course, you are aware," he said, with disdain, "that a person of my breeding cannot condescend to mere fistcuffs with a churl like you."

"Then if you can't descend to me, guess I'll have to climb up to you," said the pertinacious Mr. MURRAY.

"You misunderstand me." Mr. MURRAY quailed before the cold light of battle in Mr. GREENE's eye. "You misunderstand me. Persons of my breeding always use moral force instead of brute force."

"It takes a lot of moral force to stop brute force from punching," said Mr. MURRAY, with pregnant truth.

"Quite so! Quite so! Don't think I am afraid. I have a proposal to make. Miss PARKER, could you kindly come here a moment, if you are not too busy ministering to our bodily wants?"

Miss PARKER intimated, from the domestic regions, that she could come, but at present was not aware of any necessity for her to do so. Then she came. "What are you two quarrelling about?" she asked, with asperity.

"You," said Mr. GREENE. "Mr. MURRAY declares that he will blow the top of my head off if I do not leave the place in twenty-four hours. Now, I rather value the top of my head; it seems to suit the lower part so admirably."

Miss PARKER turned white. "And what did you say?"

"I haven't said anything yet. Have you a revolver?"

Miss PARKER, with set lips, marched into the house and fetched one.

"Mr. MURRAY," said Mr. GREENE, languidly, "have the goodness to unload your weapon and hand it to Miss PARKER. You may be sure that I shall not take you at a disadvantage in the meantime."

Mr. MURRAY did so, wondering what was coming.

"Now, Miss PARKER, have you a handkerchief you can lend us?" enquired Mr. GREENE.

Miss PARKER handed him a very pretty handkerchief. GREENE took it with a courtly bow.

"There is a painting in my ancestral home of GREENE-SHAWES," he said, "where one of my ancestors fought a duel with a Frenchman across a lady's handkerchief; it was a duel with daggers—sharp-pointed daggers with triangular grooves in them—scoopy sort of daggers."

Mr. MURRAY quailed visibly.

"But daggers are so—so messy," continued Mr. GREENE. "I propose, Mr. MURRAY, that Miss PARKER shall load one of the revolvers and that the other be empty. You can have your choice of weapons, and we will toss who is to fire first over the handkerchief."

"I'd rather be ahind a tree and draw a bead on you," said Mr. MURRAY; "but I ain't agoin' to back down afore a skinny-legged Britisher, you bet. Let's pull straws."

Miss PARKER went into the house and returned with the revolvers and straws. "Longest straw fires first," said Mr.

MURRAY, with rugged honesty. "I ain't goin' to be crowed over as regards politeness by a skinny-legged Brit—"

"Will you kindly leave my legs out of the discussion," said Mr. GREENE, with hauteur, "and draw first. Longest straw fires first."

When they compared straws, Mr. MURRAY's was the longer of the two.

Miss PARKER put both pistols behind her back. "Reach round and take one," she said to Mr. MURRAY.

Mr. MURRAY did so. "It may be high-toned—blamed high-toned," he said, mopping the perspiration from his brow, "but I'd rather be ahind a tree and draw a bead."

"I do not fight with cowards," said Mr. GREENE, arrogantly. "Go. I spare you."

"I've a good mind," said Mr. MURRAY, with heat, "to punch your head and shoot you afterwards, Dook. S'posin' my gun' loaded, is thar any partikler place as you'd like me to hit you? If this yer fight's goin' to be done British style—though I'd rather be ahind a tree and draw a bead, mind you—I'm goin' to live up to it, you bet."

"Oh, anywhere will do," said Mr. GREENE, indifferently. "I'm ready. Blaze away."

"If thar should be any partikler place," hesitated Mr. MURRAY, "you've only got to say so, Dook, and I'll do my best to oblige."

Mr. GREENE bowed with courtly politeness to Miss PARKER. "If it is loaded, *sans adieu*," he said. Then he took hold of the handkerchief and gallantly faced his rival. "Now, Mr. MURRAY, I am at your service."

Mr. MURRAY faltered. "If thar is any partikler spot?" he urged.

GREENE shook his head. Miss PARKER suddenly produced a third revolver from the bosom of her dress, and placed the muzzle to Mr. MURRAY's temple. "If you don't clear out," she said, with sudden passion, "it's your head that will be blown off, JACK MURRAY, for I didn't load either of those pistols."

Mr. MURRAY's eye brightened. "I'd rather be ahind a tree and draw a bead on him, but seein' as you're so set on this skinny leg—"

"Don't dare to insult his beautiful straight legs, or I'll fire," said Miss PARKER, with a dangerous look in her lovely eyes.

"Guess I'll git," said Mr. MURRAY. "Me not warrin' agin wimmin, s'pose we call it square, Dook. Not havin' to spend your days totin' round a parent when he's full, you've won; but I don't bear no malice. Call it square, Dook."

And they called it so.

"Why did you interfere with my honour?" asked Mr. GREENE, looking at the girl's white face, when they were left alone.

She flung the revolver upon the ground and herself into his arms. "For the same reason I shot your bear when you killed my dog."

"After having slaughtered an innocent dog, I shall never be able to return to my ancestral halls," said Mr. GREENE, mournfully.

"Then I reckon you'd better stay here in ours," philosophically remarked Mr. PARKER, as he appeared on the box-sleigh, whiskey jug in hand. "Blesh—I mean, bless—Bleshyouny-chillen. Bleshyou!"

Geo. B. Burgin.

Next week's Story, "The Pantocephalotron."